

TELEGRAPHIC.
THE LATEST FROM CHARLESTON.

From the Southerner Guardian.
BATTLE ON JAMES ISLAND.

CHARLESTON, June 16.

A severe battle took place this morning on James Island, four miles from the city. The enemy advanced with five regiments to assault our Successors, who退到了 the bayonet.

Col. J. Davis commanded our forces,

and General Lee directed the attack.

The enemy got within a range, when he opened with grape and musketry, literally mowing down the advancing rank & column.

The enemy reeled and fled, but presently were reinforced by artillery, and again formed and charged. They were again repulsed with great slaughter. A third time they advanced and endeavored to break the battery, but were again beaten back, when we advanced in pursuit from our works, killing and capturing many. Our victory is complete. Our loss is twelve killed and twenty wounded. Charleston troops were entirely engaged. The enemy's loss is yet unascertained, but was certainly several hundred killed, wounded and prisoners. A batch of thirty prisoners have just been brought to the city.

Killed—Capt. Gwin, of Lamor's Artillery, and Lieut. Green of the Washington Light Infantry. Wounded—Col. Larmer, badly, and many others.

Captured—Guard, killed—Isaac Valentine, Augustus Poston, etc.

Wounded—Herts Valentine, Harry Neville, and E. Evans.

The battle this morning was pronounced by our generals to have been a most desperate one.

Our loss is heavier than at first reported, including several valuable company officers.

At 10 A.M. the enemy's force fought most gallantly. The 47th New York Highlanders assaulted the battery with enfilade muskets.

They fought bravely and well, leaving many dead in ditches, and carrying off their wounded.

The enemy's gunboats and land batteries cooperated in the attack.

The enemy's loss is about four hundred in killed, wounded and captured.

RICHMOND, June 15.—The force with which Gen. Stuart accomplished his brilliant reconnaissance consisting of the 1st and 6th Virginia Cavalry, Jeff. Davis' Legion of cavalry, Cobb's Legion and three pieces Starrett's Artillery. The expedition left Taylorsville Friday morning, routed a squadron of Yankee cavalry at the church and captured and burnt three Federal wagons at Tunney's Mill, on the Pamunkey River, loaded with commissary and ordnance stores. He then proceeded to Tunstall's, on the York River, and captured a number of Yankees and fired into the cabin of a train #1 cars. The engineer, who was killed, fell off the engine after putting on a full head of steam. The train dashed on towards the Pamunkey River, near Taylorsville. He also captured and burnt one hundred wagons, loaded with commissary stores, and returned to Richmond this morning, bringing three hundred mules and horses.

The Carolina Spartan.

SPARTANBURG.

Thursday, June 19, 1862.

THE SPARTANBURG EXPRESS.

We regret the suspension of our Contemporary, with whom our intercourse has been of the most pleasant and agreeable character. Upon no subject of general interest have we differed in sentiment in any degree so as to impair editorial harmony. Smoothly we have flowed along through the life stream of our respective papers has been terribly obstructed, by the activity of our readers for daily news. The "Daily" has well nigh supplanted the "Weekly" in every section of the State. Whether a similar Gazette is an entity or non-entity is becoming a problematical question. The Law recognizes their existence, "but the people, in war times" dissenting from our legal fathers, are much inclined to ignore their being altogether. But we ask is this right; does a paper not give character to the District and, if it is not a valuable advertising medium, is it deficient in other qualities. While our news columns are a little rapid and flat to the reader of our daily publications, in local interest we certainly can claim equality if not pre-eminence. But whether interesting or not at this bloody juncture in our history, we trust, and would appeal to our friends and the Distinctive to incur the shame of suffering every newspaper right to go out for the want of patrons. Every person conceives that he has some noble virtues, some of the characteristics of Caesar, even if it is an honorable ambition. So think we, and so feel we in reference to the "Spartan" and hence presume to solicit an extended circulation through our friends. If they will vitalize us, more fully, by sending us their names, in a short time we shall be able to put up a strong man with armor on; count our double-winged and take bolder and higher flight.

OUR DISTRICT DEAD.

The list of those killed; from our District, in the earth of Chickahominy, or "The Seven Pines," as it is termed, is quite extensive, and shows that our young men, gallantly, met and resisted the foe. Among them are Martin J. Smith, J. J. Foster, T. W. Martin, George F. Houghton, Captain J. Q. Carpenter, P. Bonner, R. B. Harris, M. Lipscomb, McDowell, Wm. B. Bush.

They are gentlemen of high responsibility and social eminence. Being well descended, true patriots, and, thoroughly imbued with a sense of right and wrong, they hesitated not to immolate themselves upon the altar of our common country. The most of them being planters by occupation, they were not so conspicuously mixed up with the movements of the District as to signalize their lives by political incidents; so much as, their death by the heroism they displayed near the Capital of the South. Unflinching, bravely and heroically, they faced the cannon, and withstood the hail-storm of minnie and small arms.

To conquer was their purpose, to die, their determination, rather than, the Yankee dog should报复地 respond to the victorious shouts of the multitude, that encompassed, defiantly, the beautiful City of Richmond.

In leaving the quiet scenes of home, they passed not to court the painful trial, they disregarded in the notes of the war-trump, or closed their eyes to the invincible strains of martial music. At the first sound of the battle, they rallied to the standard of their beloved southland, upon the wings of the wind, hastened to her rescue. With them no cause of delay prevailed. Young, active, vigorous, patriotic, they stayed not to listen, to the whisperings of pleasure, or yield to the enchantments of the parental bosom. Boldly they dashed into the fray, and, boldly, met the enemy who slew them. Some of them went from under the shadow of the monument that marks the hallowed ground of the Confederacy; others from points, so near, as to catch inspiration from the engorged plains of the Cedar Springs and Blackstocks. Each had a revolutionary history in parents or locality. From such heroes as a people, excepted much; from them as Spartans, we are enabled to gather the heroic grandeur, for the advancement of the chivalry.

Asile from these young heroes, it becomes our painful duty to speak of Captain J. Q. Carpenter, from the neighborhood of the Limestone Springs.

For more than twelve months, he command ed a company of brave equal to any that compose the confederate army. Courageous himself, all trusted him, as they would the impulses of their own nature. Capt. Carpenter had not merely a horse prepared for service. On the battle fields of Mexico, he acquired a reputation for soldierly, more exceeding than heroes. A native of Lincoln, North Carolina, he migrated to the District, many years ago. Here he married and here he lived, previous to the war of Mexico. At the outbreak of host war, he volunteered to defend the "Star Spangled Banner," as he has done, bravely fought and died for the support of the laws and stars. During the Mexican war, no private for whom he was, evinced more daring or enterprise. In one of the battles fought between the City of Vera Cruz and Mexico, he performed afeat, that should perpetuate his name in American history. At some hedge row, he, with three others, volunteered for a daring, murderous fire to withdraw the enemy, or, all the soldiers grave. The effort was made, and gloriously performed. For it he received a high eulogium from the officer in command. After that struggle was over, he returned to our District, and engaged in the peaceful pursuit of a ploughman. In his mercantile business, he always commanded the confidence of his patrons for his uprightness as a man, and accuracy as a financier. Such is the brief history of one, whose life, character, and patriotism deserve an humble tribute from those, who knew him well enough to appreciate his virtue, and pardon his faults.

MEAGER.

Among the killed on the Yankee side in the battle of the Chickahominy is the name of Thomas Francis Meagher, the "Irish landed and highly appraised" Irish patriot, who did so much in New York to arouse the spirit of his Irish brethren against us. He led the Sixty-ninth Erin regiment into the fight at Manassas, and then can away to Washington, exclaiming that "the Southerners had won their independence." Recovering from his flight, colonel Meagher was made a brigadier, and raised a brigade of his countrymen to slaughter Southerners, and led them on to the Chickahominy to fall there itself.

His name upon the Register.

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He was a native of Tipperary county, Ireland, and was about thirty-eight years of age. In personal appearance he was not commanding, but rather small of stature, with a long black beard, and small black eyes that were as remarkable for their piercing depths. He was the idol of the people of the Valley, and none could have told who will be more regretted by them, if we except the gallant leader of the army, Jackson.

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WHEAT.

A few heads of fine wheat was shown to us, the other day by Mr. J. B. Tolleson, taken from the field of Mr. James Tapp. It is called the Goliath wheat, and is one of the finest varieties we ever saw. One of the heads measures six inches in length, and seems to be well filled. About a quart or less of this wheat was brought from Georgia, and sown last year in drills. From that small quantity we produced over two bushels. The entire product was six inches in length, and seems to be well filled. About a quart or less of this wheat was brought from Georgia, and sown last year in drills. From that small quantity we produced over two bushels. The entire product was

To the Young Men OF THE 36th REGIMENT NOT NOW IN SERVICE.

I desire to muster in a few more recruits for Company K, Lawson's York Volunteers, 5th S. C. Regiment, and call upon you to come forward and fill up its ranks.

You all are well aware that those of you be-

tween the ages of 18 and 35 will have to go

shortly into service at the camp of instruction, where you will be among strangers and com-

panies with whom you will have no acquaint-

ance or interest. Can you prefer to go there,

under pressure, to go, with me as Volun-

teers, to the company, in which, your neigh-

bors and old school mates are residing man-

fully, the wife invaders of our soil? Hence-

forward we will fill up our companies, not

with Volunteers, but with conscripts, and for

this reason I say to you, that this is your last

chance to Volunteer. Now, since you

have to choose between this camp of instruc-

tion and this old company, in which, by friend-

ship, kindred or association, you are all inter-

ested.

Come young men and let us go cheerfully to

the field, where our old companies are pro-

tecting our homes, punishing the hated invad-

ers of our soil and the world.

Stray into the woods, scatter your sons and

cartridge boxes all over the fields. Our com-

pany armed itself entirely with long range

guns of different kinds, but they have since

been taken away from us, it being difficult to

get cartridges to fit.

It will be no trouble to get cartridges to fit.

One information as to when you will be

called for, will be given to you.

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